

# RESTORATION



Vol. II.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—NOVEMBER, 1949

No. 12.

## A Seminarian Speaks

By Art Stabile, Jr.

Peter Maurin used to say, "You give me a piece of your mind and I'll give you a piece of my mind; then we'll have peace of mind."

Others stress the word "clarification." And in a world of chaos we certainly need clarification.

This summer has been an active one for me, and it brought home the need of the spiritual life, such as our spiritual directors discuss in conferences throughout the year. After speaking in the streets three nights a week, and attending lay-apostle meetings every other night, I used up all the spiritual energy I amassed last term. I discovered I would be lost without my daily sacrifice and my meditations.

One of my fellow seminarians remarked last May that he was almost fearful of going back into the world for the summer months; and I would be fearful too, if I did not have Christ with me every day.

### Visits Lay Centers

I was greatly pleased to see the great number of seminarians at lay-apostolate centers this summer. On my way to New York, where I live, I stopped at Chicago, to stay a few days at Friendship House. I found men from three other seminaries there. I also found some in New York, at Friendship House, and at the Catholic Worker headquarters.

My spiritual director last year quoted an archbishop as saying: "We have failed; now it's up to you." He repeated those words to us; "now it's up to you."

This is an age of transition. There is a great future for the apostolate, only if there are enough chaplains. There is no shortage of priests, only a shortage of good priests. We must prepare diligently for our future work.

A priest active in the apos-

tolate in the mid-west told me that some seminarians lose contact with the people because of their clerical air. He said they were so absorbed by their priestly training... which was very good... that they lost their old mentality. I have always said that a great man makes complicated things simple, not simple things complicated.

### He Can Learn From Us

I wonder if some of us are not guilty of this. Let's try to talk to our old friends in their own "lingo," and lingo is the word. We can learn something from the people, and we can give them much. But they must first accept us as their own, not as a person who is "different."

I wonder what people think of seminarians. What class are we in? We certainly do not look like members of the working class. Do they feel free to talk to us, as they talk to each other? How many of us enjoy this attitude that makes us something which we are not — "holy Joes," etc.?

"You know, he's studying for the priesthood, and that religious stuff he talks — that's his business!"

The problem, which has been brought home to us by Catherine de Hueck in her DEAR SEMINARIAN series, shows us there is a serious gap between the priests and the people. As future ministers of God's people, we must understand this problem. If we are to be chaplains in Catholic Action we must live Catholic Action first. Before we can help lay apostles with their problems we must understand them.

Incidentally, may I suggest a book for your extra-curricular reading? It is "Revolution in a City Parish." I believe it is about the best book on parish problems and the apostolate in general.



One heart and one soul

## Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

It was a good bed I had in the "office," but I wasn't in it long enough, to test its qualities. Four o'clock comes early. But it was hauling time, and teamsters, loaders and crews, had to be out on the trails so as to make the count for the day. Mass began at 4.30 A.M.

What an inspiring sight, at that hour of the morning. A hundred men grouped around the tiny portable altar. A dozen or more anxious for the privilege of serving. We had to choose the first arrival, or the one who wisely made the request the night before... All silent, reverent and sincerely prayerful. Simple faith and deep devotion! They knelt in a straight line, in groups of twenty-five, for Holy Communion. Perfect order. Then to finish mass in the very dim light of an oil lamp fastened to the wall. The prayers after mass were answered in three or four languages and in such a rumbling volume that the candles on the altar trembled.

### Mass Then Mess

Before I had dismantled the altar and packed my kit the cookees or assistants to the cook, with loud clatter, began the setting of the tables for breakfast. I quickly repaired to the "office" and my bunk from which, hours afterwards, I watched the dawn come up in the timberlands.

Previous to this there was a period of clanking chains, the screech of steel runners on frosty trails, the shouts of drivers, the crunching of horse shoes in the hard snow

(Continued on Page Three)

## Joy In His Loneliness Rewards Good Shepherd

By Catherine De Hueck

Dear Friend; The life of a priest is a lonely one, strewn with heart-break, filled with discouragements and misunderstandings. This I emphasized in my last letter to you, trying to show you, in my inadequate way, the road that lies ahead.

The things that happen to a priest, any priest, are apt to bring fear, temptation, and even despair. There are trials given no other man to bear. There are burdens no other man can carry.

Yet, why should all this not happen to you? Did you expect the life of a priest to be easy? You couldn't really, could you? Behold the Lord, Christ, God Himself, teaching and living with His creatures. Did He have better success than you? Was He understood? It seems strange that I should even mention this to YOU, and yet mentioned it must be, for it is one of the most dangerous pitfalls that will open before you, leading to discouragement and real failure, if you let it.

But you mustn't. Because MISUNDERSTANDINGS are cruciform. And you know, even now, that that is the SIGN OF CHRIST. It is also the Crucifix on which YOU must lie, on the very day of your Ordination, never to get off it, to be LIFTED UP. For if YOU SHALL BE LIFTED UP... YOU TOO WILL DRAW ALL THINGS TO HIM.

### A Cross Has Two Sides

I remember a wonderful story about this point. Only it is not "a story." It really happened to me. For, in my small way, I too had suffered much from MISUNDERSTANDINGS. Weary, discouraged, and disillusioned by an accumulation of them, I went to see the head of the Diocese in which Friendship House and I were located, to inform him that I could not "take it anymore" and was therefore presenting my resignation.

He was very old. He also was very wise, that Archbishop of mine. He seemed asleep while I poured my story out to him. But when I had finished, he had me bring him the Crucifix that hung over the sofa. When I got it down, he asked me what I saw on the "other side" of it? All I saw was an empty space. I said so. And I shall never forget his words then! For he explained that that empty space was reserved for the friends of Christ, that they might be lifted up with Him, to be crucified with Him... and that one who loved Him would never RESIGN from that holy and saving tree, THE CROSS.

If this applies to ME... a lay person... of not much account... HOW MUCH MORE IT APPLIES TO YOU!

And now, I dare to tread on dangerous grounds, and speak of things you are much warned about in your Seminary days. I do so, I confess, in fear and trembling... also in the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, giving you only the opinion of ONE LAY PERSON, gathered over a period of almost twenty years in the Lay Apostolate. Accept it or reject it, as you wish. Consult your spiritual directors, and investigate it further. Express it I must, not because I speak alone, but in this case, I am the voice of the voiceless, the masses, with whom I have worked, and still am working.

### We, The Laity

What I want to speak about is your relation with us, THE LAITY. We live in strange days. Restless, tragic, dark days. And we bear the brunt of them. It is to us in general that the Communists make their great appeal, especially the forgotten, the weary, the discriminated against, the lost, the halt, and the blind amongst us.

It is "the little people," the everyday common variety of us, the John Does and Mary Smiths who have to battle through shadows of atomic bombs, cold wars, rising prices, insecurity of all kinds, lack of decent housing for our families. All the little drab bits of daily existence that, in their aggregation, form the terrifying patterns of our modern times... these are ours.

And for the most part we have to battle them alone. That seems, today, to be our "extra and special brand" Cross of loneliness. Somehow the clergy seem far away. Don't go far away from us when you become a priest. And don't be afraid of us either.

Come to us, as the Lord did. Even though we may be publicans and great sinners now... who can tell (if YOU come to us) that we may not become great SAINTS tomorrow?

### The Lost Way

I know you have been taught that you must expect US to come to YOU. Maybe that was true in the yesterdays that are gone... it is not true today. Many of us have lost the way, many are too weary to arise and come to you. It is up to you, then, to come to us. Remember the parable of the lost sheep?

(Continued on Page Four)

## Spiritual Legacy

(Reprinted from The Crusader's Almanac for 1950)

The following meditations in which Our Lord speaks in the first person are a selection from the Notes of Sister Mary of the Holy Trinity, a French-Swiss convert and Poor Clare who died in Jerusalem on June 25, 1942, at the age of forty-one. The Sister's Notes and Autobiography were edited and published in French by her Franciscan confessor in 1943 with a letter of commendation from the late Patriarch of Jerusalem, Archbishop Louis Barlassina. The Spiritual Legacy of Sister Mary of the Holy Trinity will be published in English early in 1950 by the Newman Press of Westminster, Maryland.

"Make Me a present, My dear one, of all the unnecessary words you do not speak; of every object that is not indispensable, that you can do without, even if allowed; of all weariness, suffering, that others will never guess, and which you will hide—to prove your love to Me, and because I have such need of your gifts!" "If you give me nothing, I am not able to do the good which I leave to your initiative. Give Me the tiny seed of your sacrifices, of your efforts; I will make it fruitful. But give Me the seed. Do not lose a moment, not a single occasion of offering to Me all that

(Continued on Page Three)



# RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE  
Combermere, Ontario  
Canada

VOL. II.

No. 12

EDDIE DOHERTY ..... Editor  
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY ..... Managing Editor  
GRACE FLEWELLING ..... Circulation Manager

Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c.

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Friendship House, Canadian Province, Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.



## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

How long . . . Oh Lord . . . how long . . . will tepidity, selfishness, indifference and complacency hold in bondage the hearts of Your children?

Behold the darkness is nigh, and the power of the Evil One is abroad across the land! Yet, the Marriage Feast of the Lord is ready too, and His servants today, as of yore, are going up and down the same land, inviting His friends.

But they STILL seem to be busy at many things . . . Buying and selling . . . Plowing and sowing the arid acres of many businesses . . . Putting thoughts of gold and silver in hearts meant for other, living, seeds. Will it come to pass that they of this generation will also bind the servants of the Lord and put them to death?

It looks that way. For all we Catholics seem to be doing, in these days of stygian darkness cast by atomic bombs, is being ANTI-MANY-THINGS-BUT-ESPECIALLY-ANTI-COMMUNIST . . . that is, if one is to judge by the amount of printer's ink expended in the Catholic press of Canada and the U.S.A.

But can the children of God be ANTI-ANY-BODY? That is the sixty-four dollar question that seems to hang in the air without any answer!

The only thing Catholics can be ANTI . . . IS SIN. But never THE SINNER. Have we lost faith in THE LOVE THAT IS ALSO GOD? Have we forgotten that LOVE alone can conquer HATE? As light conquers darkness?

What IS happening to us? Have we really forgotten that we are OUR BROTHER'S KEEPERS? Not only in the sense of feeding his hungry body and quenching his parched throat . . . but in a much deeper sense, that of FEEDING HIS SOUL, HIS HEART, HIS MIND, AND GIVING DRINK TO HIS INDIVISIBLE SPIRITUAL TRINITY . . . THE DRINK OF THE FULNESS OF TRUTH THAT HAS BEEN A FREE GIFT TO US FROM GOD? Free? A Gift? Yes . . . But to be used also to satiate Christ hanging on the Cross, thirsting for souls.

Have we also forgotten that we are HOLY . . . OF A KINGLY RACE . . . THAT WE BELONG TO THE ROYAL PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST, THAT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US BAPTIZED IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST, INTO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD, IS CALLED TO BE AN APOSTLE OF HIM WHOM WE CALL OUR GOD AND SAVIOR?

Are we . . . Apostles? It seems not. For if we were, fear, hatred, and unrest would not be our lot, nor that of our brothers in Christ. For we would have brought to them the glad tidings of love and peace, we WOULD have made them believe in these by LOVING THEM WITH ALL OUR HEARTS, EVEN UNTO THE LAYING OF OUR LIVES DOWN FOR THE SALVATION OF THEIR IMMORTAL SOULS . . . AND IN SO DOING WE WOULD HAVE FOUND PEACE AND JOY OURSELVES.

Infinite are the ways and means we have at our disposal FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE WORLD TO CHRIST, STARTING WITH AND INCLUDING OURSELVES. Are we walking these ways? Are we busy with these means? Or have we so lost our way that all we know how to do is to DENOUNCE . . . AND DENOUNCE, AND DENOUNCE, AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH STRIDENT AND STERILE VEHEMENCE?

Words are cheap. They flow into our ears from everywhere. The radio, the television set, the lecture platform. They greet us from walls many feet high, from the small page of a condensed magazine. The world and its inhabitants are tired of words. THEY ARE LOOKING DESPERATELY . . . SEARCHING HUNGRILY . . . FOR WORDS THAT HAVE TAKEN FLESH THROUGH BEING LIVED BY THOSE WHO UTTER THEM.

(Continued on Page Four)

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

We were talking at the dinner table the other day—of all things—about what we'd do if we had \$1,000,000.

Flewy decided she'd give it away, so much to the pastor, so much to missionaries, so much to the poor. She'd keep just enough to satisfy her few wants for the rest of her life.

"Say about \$900,000," some crass cynic interjected.

Paul Harris, who has been taking care of our chickens, thought he'd use part of the million to buy the finest chickens in the world, and start a really good chicken farm.

And that reminded me of a story I heard many years ago when I made a visit to the new penitentiary at Stateville, Ill. I had a friend, a burglar, doing one year to life in that institution; but that was not the cause of my visit. The warden had equipped the front gates with electrical gadgets that detected any metals concealed on the visitors. If, for instance, you went through the gates with a file for one of your friends, or a rasp, or a saw, the electric device would ring a bell as you passed. Then you would be searched.

Of course the bell would ring if you carried a pocket knife, silver money, keys, or any thing else made of metal. You would be stopped until you satisfied the guards that you had no contraband. I was supposed to write a story about this device.

### The Matron's Story

While inside the walls I had occasion to talk to one of the matrons; and she told me the story I am retelling here. She had been a wealthy woman. She and her husband had owned a small farm in central Illinois, and she had raised chickens.

"I don't mean ordinary chickens," she said. "These were the fanciest birds in the world. I imported them from all over the globe. Money was no object, when it came to buying fancy poultry. Some of my birds were worth as much as \$2,000 apiece. But I wouldn't have sold one for ten times that much."

"They were so beautiful, and so rare, that I used to watch them for hours. I had the finest coops imaginable built for them. I took pains to see they obtained the finest foods on the market. I saw that they were suitably cared for. I am ashamed to say, now, that there are millions of little boys and girls all over the world, who were not cared for like my chickens."

We had started talking about chickens because my friend, the burglar, had an idea that, if he ever got out of jail on parole, he might start a chicken farm. He was reading all the government pamphlets on the subject he could obtain; and asking everybody he knew to send him books on poultry. I had mentioned this to the matron, after saying goodbye to my pal.

"Unlike your friend," the matron said, "it was not a business with me. Nor could you call it a hobby. Call it a vanity. Call it an inordinate self-love. I wanted to have the finest chickens in the world, the most beautiful chickens, the most costly chickens. I wanted to be known, I suppose, as the queen of chicken-raisers."

### Enter The Tramp

"Then, one night, a tramp got into my chicken yard, stole three of my very best roosters, and carried them away. You can believe I not only called up the police, but that I also stirred them into life. My husband was something of a politician, you know, so we got prompt action."

"The thief was caught, but too late, so far as I was concerned. He had killed the three chickens and had eaten one of them, after he had broiled it over a fire in the woods."

"I was righteously indignant. I demanded he be given life imprisonment. I really wanted him hanged, but I knew I couldn't expect a judge to see that the crime was really murder and not just theft."

"The judge, a friend of my husband, gave the man only ten years. I was furious. I

### OUR LADY OF CHICKENS



am ashamed to say how furious I was, what names I called that man for his leniency. At that, he explained, he had given the thief the limit. For my husband's sake, and mine, I suppose, he actually would have imposed a life term if he could."

I half-turned away, I remember, having taken a sudden dislike for this vindictive woman. But she wasn't through talking.

### Home To Roost

"A year or so later," she went on, "my husband died; and I found myself practically penniless. I had to sell my chickens for whatever I could get. And I assure you I didn't get anything like \$2,000 even for the best of them. Within a few months I had no farm, no home, no assets of any kind. I got this job through one of my husband's political friends."

"Here I found the thief again. And for the first time I realized what I had done. I had put a hungry man in jail for ten long years; and I had to look at him every day! You see how God punished me? What if he did broil a \$2,000 rooster for his empty stomach? In his case there was no crime. No crime at all. In my case—God forgive me—there was a terrible crime. I am glad I lost everything I had. It gives me a chance to make some sort of reparation."

"Ummm," Paul mused. "Maybe I better give my million away—like Flewy. I suppose you can get so attached to anything, even chickens, that you would want to hang somebody for robbing you."

(Continued on Page Four)

## The B's Corner

Advent. The season of expectation. How it brings me back to my childhood, my Russian yesterdays.

Vividly I remember the preparations for Advent. No, not Christmas. Advent . . . of which Christmas is the holy fruit, the joyous Alleluia.

It began with cleaning. Yes, the house had to be cleaned, as well as the souls and minds. What fun to see room after room don that scrubbed look, to smell the clean smells of soapy water and furniture oils, and to walk gingerly on newly polished floors.

Flowers too formed the backdrop of the scene. Mother used to fix all her plants, wash them, pot, leaves and all. Many cut-flowers came to the house too, to be specially placed before Our Lady. For as Mother was wont to say, "It is Her longest waiting time; and a bit of beauty will help to pass it better."

### Spiritual Preparation

Then there was fasting. The strict fast. The meals became light, and there were no in-between snacks. Penances were talked about, and those inward ones emphasized . . . guarding of the tongue . . . promptness in all actions . . . thoughtfulness of others . . . and the "giving up" of something special.

Family spiritual reading was all directed to The Mother of God. One by one the Mysteries were gone over, with emphasis on the Joyful. Slowly, as the days went by, Mary became the center of life in our household.

But the main thought, always recurring, was that of imitating Her, giving birth to Christ within us . . . making our lives one with His.

Advent was also sewing time. Oh not holiday clothing. Far from it. No, the sewing of layettes for the poor . . . to make up for the nakedness of the Christ Child. Layettes and altar linens — to hold the Infant Christ in Mass . . . The Infant Christ . . . in the dying Man of Sorrows.

How we strained our childish eyes to make a fine, fine seam for both. The babies of the poor, and the Baby of Mary. How we washed and scrubbed our hands before starting on any 'tiny piece . . . so there would be no stain on any of them!

### A Child's Vision

With what love every stitch was sewn! Even now I can recapture the deep childish faith that Christ was in every new born baby. How we loved the homey stories Mother told us about Our Blessed Mother. Vividly, Palestine, and the life of a Jewish housewife of slender means, stood out for us.

It was then that I learned what so many Catholic books speak of so learnedly today . . . THE DIGNITY OF MANUAL LABOR . . . The dignity of any labor . . . For hadn't I listened, entranced, to stories (like pictures) about Mary, the Mother of Jesus, scrubbing, sewing, cooking, washing? I could see the small, whitewashed house made of dung bricks, the sweet-smelling wood floor. Clean and spotless. I could see the spinning wheel, the humble cooking utensils, the open fire.

(Continued on Page Four)



## COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Slowly winter approaches. Now and then snow falls, only to disappear again; for, hereabouts, it does not come to stay, till around Christmas. The House is snug and secure against the winter. But the days are still too short to do all there is to do. I guess all days are too short for anyone who works for God.

We have finally started on our library project. In fact we started in October to get into swing. Having over a thousand good Catholic Books for adults, and about five hundred for children, it seemed a shame not to open our libraries on a national basis. A Catholic Rural Lending Library, by mail, was our dream, and a natural answer to a widening service that is part and parcel of our Apostolate, Friendship House style.

## Authors, Titles, Themes

Our first step was to catalogue the libraries. A mighty job that! The cheapest way was to mimeograph it. That meant writing titles, authors, etc., on reams and reams of stencils, then putting the stencils through the mimeo-machine. Pat Conners, a Summer Visiting Volunteer, who is with us again, did this tremendous job. Flewly operated the machine.

Next we advertised. The best medium, we discovered, was our new Catholic paper, THE ENSIGN, which brought inquiry mail pouring to our desk. Thank you, Jim Shaw, for your plug, in your column, "Amongst Ourselves." As we see it, every subscriber reads your column first. Congratula-

tions! Now we answer the queries, mail the catalogues out, and rejoice at every new subscription to our service. We knew that hunger for books, good books was in the heart of men; but we did not know, how deep, nor how great it is, especially in the rural areas of Canada. Letters came from Northern Alberta, from the Yukon Territory, from Newfoundland, from various other distant and new settlements connected with uranium projects. Most of rural Canada responded.

To us, each order is like a new adventure, a new joy; for it is not given to everyone to send Truth into the distant corners of a land. We thank God for the opportunity, and pray that our new project may grow and multiply. For what better way is there to learn to love Christ and the things of Christ, than through a book about Him?

## A Pioneer Library

It seems that this project of ours is unique too. For, so far as we know, there is no other Catholic Lending Library like ours. It is nice to be a pioneer for the Lord.

Anyone interested in getting books from us has only to write and ask for a catalogue. We will be delighted to mail it. If our urban readers have friends in rural areas, perhaps they will let them know about this service.

Write c/o either Restoration, Combermere, Ont., or simply to me, Catherine Doherty, Combermere, Ont.



A SPIRITUAL LEGACY  
(Continued from Page One)

I send you." "Yes, work is a joy and the great dignity of man; but what I desire is not merely your work, but yourself. You dishonor Me when you leave Me to think only of your work."

## Most Important Work

"I am in each soul, waiting to be loved so that I may grow there." "The most important work is not that which you do. It is that which you allow Me to do among you." "I seek a heart whose love for Me is boundless, a will fused in My will, a spirit so devoid of selfishness that My Spirit can take possession of it and reign there as King. Will you be that heart, that will, that spirit?" "Give Me everything. I will use what you give Me to attract many souls to My Church." "I love you because you have always loved Me. You did not know it was I Whom you loved in cherishing your family and those whom I put in your path. Now you know Me; you have met Me. Give Me your sufferings as a sign of your love—that they may force Me to urge other souls towards Me, as I did yours." "It is the obedience and love with which penances are offered to Me that moves Me. Oh, how filled with compassion

I am, and how I desire—how I need—the generosity of some to make reparation for others! It is love that makes reparation. Sin is always a want of love for God."

## Storms Essential

"Just as storms are necessary in nature, so are they necessary in every living soul. Do not lose your serenity on account of those who are being tried. Pray for them. Offer the sufferings of My Passion and acts of self-denial, self-imposed sufferings for them."

"All disorder arises from not listening to the Church. People wish to live outside My Church, although I am there. And those who are in the Church forget to listen to Me. They look on Me as a master, I Who am always, unwearingly at your service, answering your prayers, waiting, hoping that you will ask of Me the better gifts."

## Only His Love

"When I incline towards you, My Justice and My Holiness hide themselves; there is only My boundless Love calling for yours, giving you confidence, hoping for your generosity. Leave all to be wholly Mine, to love Me as a God, as a Savior deserves to be loved." "I am powerless

(Continued on Page Four)

## AMONG THE HILLS

(Continued from Page One)

and the roar of tractors—Then as the echoes receded down the trails, the stars in the cold looking sky, blinked suddenly out and the pines emerged again from their brooding shadows, spread their restless arms as guardians and sentinels of the new-born day.

## The Tired Deer

Sixty miles back in the bushlands of the Egan Estate and along the banks of the Opeongo river I heard a strange story about a deer. A teamster and his helper, in Joe Bubreuil's camp, on the go-back road, came across an exhausted buck, prostrate in the very deep snow. The animal had probably been chased by wolves and was able to elude them only to fall exhausted by the road. The lumberjacks, on making an examination could not resist the appeal in the sad eyes of the deer. They lifted him onto the sleigh, brought him to camp and instead of placing him in the stable with the horses, carried him into the teamsters' sleep-camp and lowered him gently into a vacant bunk. (If you knew how these bunks are constructed you could see that a four footed beast would have difficulty freeing himself, without some help.)

Although carefully fed at intervals, and well rested, the deer made no move to free himself for 24 hours. Then the men lifted him (not without some misgivings) out of the bunk, placed him on his feet and opened the door of the camp. The buck walked slowly to the door and as if to voice his appreciation of the kindly treatment he had received, turned to face the stupefied men. After looking them over the buck made an about-face, lifted his white tail, gingerly passed through the doorway and was soon lost in the woods.

## A Splendid Spirit

The lumberjacks, although well fed and happy were not insensible to the plight of an exhausted dumb animal of the great outdoors. They showed a splendid spirit, which spirit subdued even the wild instincts of the deer.

Since that incident among these lonely hills, I have often wondered why it is, in the crush of society, that we cannot show a similar spirit and attitude towards an infinitely greater creature—exhausted man.

Chased over the cold snow of competition and centralized business control by the wolf of greed, the common man lies exhausted, numbly awaiting the end. The drivers of mechanized industry and mass production roar by him seeking new victims. The moan of impending disaster sounds in the ears of these, like the sigh of the pines in their shroud of snow. As the carrion-bird wheeled above the prostrate deer, awaiting the hour of the feast, so today the "pilots of destiny," political and otherwise, loom on the common man's horizon thoughtless of his exhaustion in debt and insecurity. . . . What to do about that is another story. We are still on mission duty in the great hinterland.

## Tony and Martin

By Anthony Constable

My parents were much relieved to hear that I was stationed at Edmonton. However, I wasn't faring too well. An ailment was giving me plenty of trouble.

I went on "sick-call." The medic gave me some medicine and placed me on a diet. Dieting is not an easy matter in the army, unless one is hospitalized. I knew that sooner or later I would have to go to the hospital, unless Blessed Martin took a hand in the affair.

My ailing condition made me feel depressed, and events taking place throughout the world made matters worse. Men, women and children were being slaughtered brutally, and nations worked feverishly to invent machines that could do the job more devastatingly. Then came the news of Italy's invasion.

## Hard-To Take

Shortly after this, the Eternal City was bombed. My mind was in a daze, all I could do was pray, pray, and pray. Then came the severest blow of all; the race riots in Detroit. All these stunning blows were hard to take, and caused me, more and more, to seek refuge among my Edmonton friends.

My greatest consolation still came, however, from the fact that I was able to get to evening Benediction. Evening after evening, I was permitted to leave camp, even when special meetings were held. My buddies were amazed at my good fortune and admitted that Martin must have had something to do with it. But, one evening upon my return to camp, a pal said, somewhat disgustedly, "You may have to miss Mass on Sunday. A hike has been scheduled and your name is on the roster. Six a.m."

I went to the orderly room and demanded an explanation. "Orders from the 'big boy,'" said the sergeant, "besides there'll be a Protestant chaplain along." So what? I'd still miss mass.

## Harder To Take

When the chaplain came to the club, I discussed the hike with him. "I don't like it and I don't think it's necessary, but there's not much we can do about it," he reasoned.

"We can pray," I suggested, and this remark caused his face to light up with a smile. He replied, "there's nothing more powerful."

Saturday evening, before Benediction at St. Francis, I asked my friends to join their prayers with mine. "Martin will find a way out," I assured them.

Even before the services were over, the dark clouds began to gather and a rumble could be heard in the distance. When I was safely tucked in for the night, the rumble became louder—a flash, a thunderous crash, and down came the rain. Nature turned on the works, to show man that Sunday must be kept holy. The storm was terrifying, the likes of which I had never witnessed. The hike was called off.

## Call For Blessed Martin

My friends at St. Francis were glad to see me at Mass; particularly the Surette boys, who looked upon Martin as their hero.

"I knew Martin would get you here," said Paul.

A pilgrimage was scheduled to take place the following Sunday in honor of the Assumption. I was told it would be a great event. The pilgrimage was made every year, to St. Albert's Shrine, in a little town, which bears the same name, 13 miles away. The boys suggested we hitch-hike.

"A grand idea, but you forget that my time belongs to Uncle Sammy. I can have the day off, only if the mess-sergeant doesn't." I explained.

"Martin will take care of that," they encouraged, "and we have a whole week to work on him."

Saturday evening, I received the bad news. "Don't make any plans for tomorrow, as I won't be here," the sergeant told me.

Early Sunday morning, with a prayer in my heart, I glanced towards the sergeant's bunk. And there he was, snoring to beat the band. Something had gone haywire with his plans, and he had returned to camp.

## Martin Listens Again

The sun was in mid-heaven when I called on the boys. After a short visit in St. Francis Church, we started on our 13 mile trek, a four hour walk. Never had I missed my Chevrolet so much.

The first four miles was a country road leading to the highway. Here there was a chance of hitching a ride. We paced off the first few miles, then Martin came to our aid. When Benediction was about to begin, we were present.

It was my first real pilgrimage. Stories came back to my mind; stories which my mother had told me, about the great festivities and religious demonstrations in her native Italy.

The sun was well on its way towards the horizon, when we started back to Edmonton. We were jubilant but tired, so we talked softly to Blessed Martin. We made a promise to attend Benediction at St. Francis if he got us back on time. He not only got up back on time for Benediction, but afforded us also leisure enough to clean up and put away a nice big, well-earned, meal.

## A Typewriter, Please . . .

You remember our curate, Father Stanley, who escaped so miraculously from a German Concentration camp and it gas chamber.

Well, now that he is "home" in Canada (which he has made his own lovingly) he is out to get his Doctorate in theology. His English? Why he is mastering the language so fast it leaves us dizzy. He is even getting on to our slang.

But getting a Doctorate in theology these days requires more than the quill pen of St. Thomas Aquinas. It requires a TYPEWRITER . . . a portable, legible, TYPEWRITER. Now we wonder, with Christmas so near . . . if some TYPEWRITING CO. . . or someone with cash to spare, could give Father a new one?

Of course that is entirely our own idea. Father would be glad to get any kind of typewriter that types well.

Anyhow . . . new or not so new . . . the address is Rev. Father Stanley Kadjolka, Sacred Heart Rectory, Combermere, Ont. Thank you.



## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

(Continued from Page Two)

We are arrayed between two battle lines. On the one side are the words of the Prince of Darkness, which, one must admit . . . Alas! . . . ARE LIVED UP TO by his followers. On the other side are . . . THE WORDS . . . OF THE WORD INCARNATE . . . which MUST come alive in us . . . in our daily lives . . . in our flesh and bones . . . in our spirit and actions . . . OR WE SHALL PERISH.

Let us, therefore, be done with being ANTI . . . ANYBODY. Let us become PRO-CHRIST . . . PRO-LOVE. Let us stop talking against THIS PERSON AND THAT . . . THIS NATION AND THAT. Let us begin TO LIVE CHRISTIANITY. For if we do, Christ will come and dwell among men again, THROUGH US, in the simple dealings of daily, ordinary life.

Then men shall know Him again, in and through us, which is the way He meant it to be. The KINGDOM OF GOD WILL BEGIN IN THIS WORLD . . . also as it was meant to be. Darkness will vanish before His light, shining through our souls. And the Communist . . . will become CHRIST'S, as he was always meant to be . . . through us . . . His apostles of the Market Place.

## HAVE YOU HEARD THIS?

By Paul Harris

An old sage once made this statement: "Blessed is the man who has something to say, and says it in a few words." We're inclined to agree with him. For down through the centuries, certain saints, poets, writers—all molders of opinion—have left us only a few words, yet words that will live forever. Among them, of course, is our prolific friend, Anon.

There is no person more alive than a dead saint.—Catholic Digest.

True humility is the wish to be great and the dread of being called great. It is trying to be good and blushing when caught at it.—St. Francis de Sales.

Happiness is not essentially something we have, but something we are.—Gerald Vann, O.P.

The man who loves himself the least and God the most will be a saint.—Anon.

## The Blind That Ties

It is troubles that weld a family together. It is luxury and money and good times that separate a family, but sweat and tears keep them together like binding cement.—Fr. Joseph Manton, C.S.S.R.

There is a Catholic way of learning everything, even the alphabet. You learn it in such a way as not to look down on those who never learned it.—G. K. Chesterton.

The Saints were free from the guilty worries and anxieties which undermine the repose of the worldly. They had the most restful of all pillows—a good conscience.—Fr. A. Roche.

"Be great in little things."

—Motto of St. Francis Xavier.

Give me an army that prays well and I will conquer all enemies.—Pope Pius IX.

It's all right to drink like a fish if you drink what the fish does.—Catholic Digest.

## Marital or Martial?

And unless the sea of matrimony is not to be the old story of first friendship, then courtship, and finally battleship, that sea must become a veritable ocean of patience and tolerance.—Fr. Joseph Manton, C.S.S.R.

Tenderness is how we accept and perform everyday things. It's the cheap thought you brush aside, the proud or ugly word you never say, and the genuine friendliness you offer to all who pass your way.—Margaret S. O'Gara.

Lord, reform the world, beginning with me.—Anon.

Self-love is a fool: like a peacock it struts about imagining that it attracts every eye whereas in reality it is generally its sole admirer.—Mons De Segur.

God justified one man at the last moment that none might despair: but only one that none might presume.—St. Augustine.

## Joy Is Not Barred

Joy can be found and possessed just as easily in an obscure prison as in the palace of a king, for joy lives only in the soul. St. Theresa of the Child Jesus.

I am the wheat of Christ, let me be ground by the teeth of the wild beasts, that I may become pure bread.—Words of the martyr St. Ignatius of Antioch when he heard the roar of the lions in the Roman Arena.



## SPIRITUAL LEGACY

(Continued from Page Three)

before your liberty. It is I Who beg for your love. Throughout the centuries I await souls. I never refuse them. Ask to know Me better. Do the same with your life. Make reparation. Expiate. Love without asking for anything in return."

"Pray more for priests, My fellow-laborers."

"Write what may be of use to other souls to simplify their piety and to teach them how to plunge directly into the Source within themselves, I in them, with My demands and My prodigality. If only they understood Me! how many souls would better utilize their efforts and their capacity for generosity and love which lies latent within them; they do not know it, and others do not know how to awaken it within them. Custom has extinguished the interior fire of My words. I wish each soul to understand that she has her special place in My Heart which awaits her, that her love is necessary to Me, and her cooperation necessary—that I need to see her happy and perfect, because I loved her even to dying on the Cross for her—yes, each soul."

## Books for Africa

Far out in Nigeria, West Africa, a lonely man is engaged in the Apostolate of Books. He writes that many Sects have Colleges and Schools around his section of the country. There are Catholic Schools too, but too poor to get libraries. He has started a Catholic Lending Library himself, and the few books he has, circulate over and over again.

But he has so few! Therefore the FULNESS OF TRUTH . . . is not brought so far, nor so wide as it could be, IF . . . if he could get books . . . good Catholic books on any subjects . . . Catholic magazines . . . Pamphlets . . . Anything in the line of the printed word.

So many have books that have been read and relegated to the attic or basement. So many get Catholic Magazines. How about making them work for God . . . in Africa?

Send them to MR. FABIAN O. OSA—AFIANA POST OFFICE ABA, NIGERIA, WEST AFRICA . . . Thanks.

## JOY IN HIS LONELINESS

(Continued from Page One)

The shepherd left ninety-nine, to go and rescue the one. Won't you do likewise?

True, brambles will scratch your face and hands. The road will be steep, and maybe dark and dank. But be not afraid. Christ wasn't. Why should you? Be not afraid, either, of scandalizing us, the laity. Frankly we expect you to be in our midst, to walk in the alley-ways and by-ways, where no one comes to speak to us of God . . . where the brambles of sin hold us fast, and secure.

Somehow, deep in our hearts . . . the hearts of "the masses" we hope against hope to catch a glimpse of you. It is like a hunger, it is like a thirst. It goes with being lost. And the greatest tragedy of our times is that PRUDENCE wears a mask and it is not, anymore, the PRUDENCE OF GOD . . . BUT THAT OF MEN! AND THAT PRUDENCE OF MEN KEEPS YOU AWAY FROM US!

## The Prudence of God

Don't, therefore, be prudent with the prudence of men. Be prudent with the prudence of God! What if Pharisees speak again, and wonder why you hobnob with sinners, even as Christ did? Let them! If your motives are charity and pity . . . if you come for a soul, if you come in His Name as you should . . . there isn't, on this earth, ONE PLACE YOU SHOULD NOT BE IN.

Open your eyes and look unto your tomorrows, my friend. Prepare yourself for LONELINESS AND MISUNDERSTANDINGS . . . FOR SORROW AND TEMPTATION, FOR PAIN AND FEARS. Prepare yourself for Golgotha. You too shall be lifted up with Him Whom your heart loves . . . and draw all things to Him.

In this crucible, your will shall be formed. Strong, straight like a sword! And you will be able to come to us, wherever we are . . . in the great CARITAS OF CHRIST . . . to bring us back to our Father's House. There will then be joy in your loneliness . . . and understanding in your misunderstandings . . . Alleluia.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

"Ten years!" said Flewy. "And I'll bet that rooster was tough too."

The burglar? He never did get out of jail. He died in his cell on a Good Friday morning, like another good thief you've read about.

If you pray at all for the holy souls this month, say a little prayer for him, if you please. He wasn't a bad sort of fellow, even though he was a burglar.

Now, what would you do, suppose you had a million dollars—after taxes—spend it, invest it, or give it all away?

## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

But I could see more . . . for much was told me about Mary's silence, so full of prayer. About her goodness, neighborliness, gentleness, simplicity, wisdom, and holiness.

Advent, the season of expectation. The Holy season of preparation. Austere, yet joyful. To be spent in prayer, penance, mortification, and good works. But especially in silence and recollection. The season for each of us to give birth to Christ in us . . . To give birth to love . . . to life . . . How it brings me back to my childhood . . . to my Russian yesterdays.

And to my tomorrows . . . when I shall see the Virgin, and Her Child, and find out if the flowers of my mother did make her longest waiting time pass better.

## ABOUT THE ENSIGN.. Do You Subscribe?

Frankly we didn't think much of the Ensign, Canada's new Catholic weekly newspaper, when it made its first appearance. We said it looked a little like its father, Robert Wendelin Keyserlingk, and a trifle like its mother, the Canadian Register, but that it didn't look like either.

But the baby has grown terrifically in a year; and looks more and more like its father every week. It has become, not exactly a model child, but an intelligent, poised, entertaining, instructive, and sincere news boy.

The editors of RESTORATION have grown to think so highly of the Ensign, they have agreed to act as local agents for subscriptions. The paper already serves more than 100,000 readers. Not bad for its first year. It has already formed its character. It is on its way to greatness.

Send us \$2.50 for a year's subscription, if you live in Canada, \$3.00 if you live in the United States or the United Kingdom, or \$3.50, if you live elsewhere; and we will see you get the paper.

We do not regard the Ensign as a competitor, by the way. We esteem it as a bigger, mightier, and newsier brother in the apostolate of the Catholic press; and our hearts and hopes are with it, even as they are with our own RESTORATION.

## TIME TO THINK

Well, I once heard of a sick man who said "God has stretched me on my back to give me time to think," and perhaps that is the real meaning of this current world crisis. — Clare Booth Luce.

The Prayer of the humble soul shall pierce the clouds.—Anon.

## RESTORATION, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA

Please enter the following subscription:

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone .....

Province .....

1 Year — \$1.00

Return Postage Guaranteed  
MADONNA HOUSE,  
Combermere, Ontario, Canada